

The Conning Tower

We have no quarrel with Ward & Gow for their alleged refusal to allow the suffrage to pass "Vote Yes" placards in elevated and subway cars. If it is that firm's belief that women should not vote, it is wholly their right to refuse to carry suffrage advertising, just as it is the Tribune's privilege to exclude the blarney of the pat. med. quacks from its columns.

Besides, the suffs should worry! The anti-suff placards in the subway are as eloquent for the suffs as anything the suffs might advance. Hark to the anti:

1. Do you want your Mother, your Wife, your Sister and your Daughter to be the objects of demands from every word boss and politician?

2. Are you satisfied with the enforcement of law by men, and do women enforce it better?

3. Do you want to fight women in political competition?

4. Do you want to force on women about 90% of them have not asked for?

5. Do you want politics in your home?

6. Eliza Root says of suffrage "It means a loss to all women and an injury to the State."

We pause to reply:

1. Yes.

2. (a) No. (b) Perhaps.

3. Yes.

4. Yes.

5. Yes.

6. Oh, he does, does he?

In hoping that the suffs will win next Tuesday we are runner-up to nobody. And if they win, whose will be the greatest credit? We are asking for information.

ONLY A SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.

As Archie thinks Paul Dreyer might have done "The Week of the Wonders." The night was softly falling on the broad and lonely sea, A schooner lifted anchor in the bay.

And sailed away to cheers from friends all gathered joyfully To wish a fond farewell that winter day.

The skipper stood upon the bridge and with him little Kate, His daughter dear, with hair so soft and brown;

And as they sailed a storm arose and did no whit abate, The night the schooner Hesperus went down.

CHORUS.

She was only a skipper's daughter, but her eyes were azure hue, Her bosom like the hawthorn, white as snow— She died a pure young flower, when the sheet and blizzard blew Upon the lonely reef of Norman's Wee.

The morning dawned, and on the deep no schooner there was seen, The wreck had sunk, when ruined past repair.

But lashed unto a mast that floated on the waters green There was beheld a maiden's form so fair.

Her tears were frozen in her eyes, the spray upon her breast, For it had been a bitter winter day.

A fisher on the seashore bore her limp remains to rest, And to the crowd these sad words he did say:

CHORUS.

She was only a skipper's daughter, but her eyes were azure hue, etc.

It must make some of our contribs feel old to realize that when "After the Ball" was popular ever so many others of our contribs were not born.

Is Sergeant Thomas McAvoy of the Newark police force in the audience? It comes to us that he knows the words of "You Lie, I Saw You Steal that Ace!" If he does, we'd like to have them.

The greatest number of requests have come in for the republication of "My Mother Was a Lady." The author is Edward B. Marks, the composer Joseph W. Stern and the story is copyrighted, 1896, by Joe W. Stern & Co. Music cue:

Two drummers sat at dinner in a grand hotel one day, While dining they were chatting in a jolly sort of way.

And when a pretty waitress brought them a tray of food, They spoke to her familiarly, in manner rather rude.

At first she did not notice them or make the least reply, But one remark was passed that brought the teardrops to her eye:

And facing her tormentor, with cheeks now burning red, She looked a perfect picture as appealingly she said:

CHORUS.

My mother was a lady like yours, you will allow, And you may have a sister who needs protection now;

I've come to this great city to find a brother dear, And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir, if Jack were only here.

It's true one touch of nature it makes the whole world kin, And every word she uttered seemed to touch their hearts within;

They sat there stunned and silent, until one cried in shame, Forgive me, miss, I meant no harm, pray tell me what's your name?

She told him, and he cried again, I know your brother, too, Why, we've been friends for many years and he often speaks of you;

He'll be so glad to see you, and if you'll only wed, I'll take you to him as my wife, for I love you since you said:

CHORUS.

My mother was a lady like yours, you will allow, etc.

We hereby back the young man in the kamusut-klothing ads in a footrace against any automobile he may chance to be in a picture with. The 1916 2-cylinder young man in the ads has legs that are geared about three steps to the mile.

THE MERRY MONARCH AGAIN.

Now, Ancient King Cole was a patient old job, But my trials are more painful than his; He never got stalled on his way to his job In these underground traveling prisons.

R. S.

Old Tom Daly is going to run a column in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, beginning next Monday, and the E. L. is making it hard for him. It is advertising him as another Eugene Field; as the man upon whom some say the mantle of Field has fallen. Now, Tom Daly is a first-class Tom Daly, and a big-league hard man in his own right; and if his paper wants to help him—and itself—it will lay off that Field stuff.

WOMAN'S PLACE IS AT THE WASHING AND THE IRONING-BOARD. [From the Bulletin (Mont.) Gazette.] WANTED—A woman to work for her husband's board. Inquire Healy house.

Those who believe the war will not end before 1920 are called, in England, the War-clouds. Our suggestion is to call those who think peace will be declared in the spring the Gentle Annies.

AN ALIBI.

My short stories are a mess, and quite freely I confess I've been guilty of full many an atrocity of rhyme, I've been battered and abused for the idioms I've used, But I never start a sentence with the zippy "Come a time—"

T. N. P.

"We decline to say," crows the Matrimonial Bark, "whom we think deserves to be congratulated more, Hannah or Sam."

As to these "Cyril Stripes" the magazines are advertising, W. W. E. wonders whether they're whompsun.

"Was Hector an anti-suff?" asks Joe. "This is what he said, take it, as I did, from the Iliad, to Andromache:

"But go thou home, and tend thy labors there,— The web, the distaff,—and command thy maids To speed the work. The cares of war pertain To all men born in Troy, and most to me."

Hector, it is feared, was an anti-suff. But— "No suffrage to women did Hector allow, And where is that hero of Hellas right now?"

F. P. A.

D. GIBBONS WEDS MISS C. T. THAYER

Ceremony Takes Place in Bride's Country Home at Lawrence, L. I.

R. B. SMITH MARRIES MISS DOROTHY HURRY

Miss E. Orr Engaged to M. S. Wyeth—Miss M. O. Buckner to Make Debut.

Miss Cecile Tesson Thayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Thayer, of 46 East Seventy-ninth Street, became the bride of Douglas Gibbons, son of Mrs. John F. Gibbons, of 341 Madison Avenue, yesterday, in Lawrence, L. I. The ceremony took place at the country estate of the Thayers. The Rev. Herbert F. Farrell, of St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church, Far Rockaway, officiated. The wedding ceremony was simple. Autumn leaves and yellow chrysanthemums composed the decorations.

Miss Thayer's two sisters, Marie and Alice, were her attendants. They wore long tulle gowns, gold lace hats with tulle veils and carried bouquets of roses.

The bride's costume was of ivory white satin covered with tulle. Her veil was of tulle edged with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of orchids, roses and lilies of the valley.

Lee Wallis Gibbons, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. After the ceremony a reception was given to several hundred guests. After a wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons will reside at 4 West Fifty-third Street.

Miss Dorothy Hurry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hurry, of 242 Lexington Avenue, was married to Robert Beaver Smith yesterday afternoon in the Church of the Epiphany. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white satin and lace and a tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Her attendants were Miss Pay Peters, of Atlanta, maid of honor, and her two little nieces, Miss Mary Lawrence Swift and Miss Mary Elizabeth Hurry, flower girls. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will live at 118 East Fifty-fourth Street.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Eleanor Orr, daughter of Mr. Arthur Orr, of Chicago, to Marion Syme Wyeth, son of Dr. John A. Wyeth, of this city. Mr. Wyeth studied four years in the Beaux-Arts in Paris and is now associated as an architect with Carrere & Hastings. For six months he was secretary to Thomas Nelson Page, ambassador in Rome. The wedding will take place on Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Percy Rivington Pyne will return to her country place in Princeton, N. J., to-day from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Mr. Pyne and Miss Mary Pyne arrived from the Springs a few days ago.

Mrs. Thomas Aylette Buckner will give a reception on Saturday, November 27, at Brentmore, Irvington, N. Y., to introduce her daughter, Miss Mary Olive Buckner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stettinius and the Misses Stettinius, who are spending the fall at their country place, Dungan Hills, Staten Island, will be at the Hotel Gotham for a few days.

Miss Edith Deacon, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Amory, of Boston, has been staying at the Hotel Gotham for a few days, went to Hicksville, Long Island, yesterday, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Russell Pope.

Mrs. Samuel Rae and Miss Rae, of Philadelphia, are the Waldorf-Astoria for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Grace arrived at the Ritz yesterday from their country place on Long Island.

Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. Clarence Dunmore gave a small dinner last night at the Ritz.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. B. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. W. Earl Dodge arrived in the city yesterday from Hot Springs, Va., where they spent a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon S. Prentice have returned to town yesterday from Hot Springs, Va., and are at 410 Park Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Henry B. Hyde has returned to the city for the winter from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has gone to White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., to remain until the end of next month.

Mrs. Byam Kerby Stevens motored into the city yesterday from her place at Lenox and is at the Hotel Gotham.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Delancey Kountze have returned to town from Southampton, Long Island.

PAPER CHASE AT LENOX

Mrs. Dana and George E. Turnure Lead First Meet of Season.

(By Telegram to the Tribune.)

Lenox, Oct. 28.—The season of paper chases began to-day, with the start and finish at the Lenox Club. The hares were Mrs. David E. Dana and George E. Turnure. In the pack were Mrs. William B. Ogden Field, Mrs. Henry Hollister Pease, Mrs. Allen B. Fenno, the Misses Madeline and Katherine Dahlgren, Symphrosia and Grace Brasted, Irene Turnure, Anna Alexandre and George Livermore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Crowninshield will sail on November 26 for Taormina, Sicily. They will close Konkapot villa on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hall Walker will close Brookside at Great Barrington on Saturday.

Mrs. John Swan has arrived at her country place in Stockbridge.

Mrs. John Butler Swan is expected to-morrow.

Mrs. John E. Alexandre will give a dinner for forty guests at the Lenox Club on Saturday night.

Mrs. Rollin Harper Lynde closed her country place in Stockbridge to-day, and Mrs. Joseph C. Hendrix closed the Bishop cottage in Lenox.

DAVID MILES DIES SUDDENLY

Former Actor and Head of "Movies" Company Fatally Stricken in Street.

David Miles, forty-four years old, for many years an actor and head of a motion picture company, died suddenly in the New York Hospital late last night from hemorrhage, due to pulmonary tuberculosis. He was stricken while walking at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. A passing automobile took him to the hospital. Mr. Miles was the first to introduce colored "movies" in America. He formerly appeared with Nance O'Neill and in "Groucho" and "The Gambler of the West."

MRS. DOUGLAS GIBBONS.



Formerly Miss Cecile Tesson Thayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Thayer, who was married yesterday at Lawrence, L. I.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Arnold Daly Has Utterly Everything Except a Theatre.

Arnold Daly is straining at the leash. He is at present possessed of a play, a company, several sets of scenery and one high grade English accent—but no theatre. The Daly play is "The Angel in the House," highly successful in London. Mr. Daly is said to be positively on edge for a chance to act, and if he can't acquire a theatre in the next few days he will build one.

"Hobson's Choice," announced for Tuesday night at the Princess, will be given its premier Tuesday afternoon instead.

Governor and Mrs. Whitman and a party of friends saw Max Marcin's "House of Glass" at the Candler last night. That is, Mrs. Whitman and party of friends saw the play, but the Governor and company were too late to see the play.

The wife of a dramatic critic has written a play, Katharine Brigham (Mrs. George P. Goodale) is the playwright, and she is the critic of the "Free Press" to attend the premiere of her play, "The House of Glass," which is now being produced in New York, which is 955 miles from Detroit.

Douglas Fairbanks will again be on the hill at the Knickerbocker next week, this time in a filmization of Herbert Quick's novel, "Double Trouble."

Unless the Princeton team has been greatly underrated, the members of the Harvard football team will see "Town Topics" on the evening of November 6, following the Princeton game. Six hundred Harvard students will also be present.

The Manhattan Opera House will demonstrate its versatility by changing from grand opera to wrestling on November 8.

Feeling the need of a rest after working on the production of the Sloane-Knight-Harvard triangular musical show, William Elliott will return to the east of "Experience" next week to the Standard Theatre. He will play his original part, that of Youth, for one week only.

Mr. and Mrs. Prince Troubetzkoff, the latter Amelia Rivers, saw "Bolt's" daughters at the Comedy last night.

"The Blue Paradise" rang up its hundredth performance at the Casino last night, and would have reached 101 if New York contractors knew more about subways.

According to Philip Bartholomew, who has risen from playwright to press agent, Donald McDonald has been added to the cast of "A Bare Idea."

Somebody has put Elsie Janis into wax. Seven small figures, portraying Miss Janis in the various parts she assumes in "Miss Information," were received at the Cohan Theatre yesterday. The sender, it is understood, is now at work on a statue of Miss Janis's French accent.

John Charles Thomas, who ascends the Jungfrau eight times a week at the Shubert Theatre, is said to have threatened to retire from light opera at the conclusion of his season in "Alone at Last."

With Florence Walton in the audience exhorting her on, Irene Franklin will perform at the next Sunday evening concert at the Winter Garden.

Solemn announcement comes from the Globe Theatre that persons desiring "Chin-Chin" tickets for the Thanksgiving

NEW SOPRANO PLEASURES

Miss May Peterson Gives Song Recital at Aeolian Hall.

Miss May Peterson, who made her New York debut yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, is a young singer of much promise and considerable performance. She made her appearance unheralded and she gave a programme of variety of interest. Her voice is of great purity and evenness of timbre. She used it discreetly, yet when the time required it, it showed ample power and even brilliancy. Her use of mezzo-voice was especially commendable, and throughout the programme she gave evidence of a fastidious taste and a just perception.

In her singing of the group of French songs she was at her best, both in style and diction. She gave Rheinberger's "Chant des peuples de fleurs" and Koehlin's "Aux temps des Fees" most charmingly. She appeared at home, too, in the Brahms-Schubert-Schumann group, though perhaps less so than in the French songs. Miss Peterson's style is not yet completely formed, and there is in her singing room for a deepening of feeling and dramatic power, but the only orchestral compositions of hers that have really obtained a hold on the repertoire of our permanent symphonic institutions; though it is quite as good as the "Ophelia," "Hamlet," "The Saracens" and "Lovely Aida" (fragments of a symphony planned on "The Song of Roland") and immeasurably superior to "Laurie."

When "Lancelot and Elaine" was performed last night, no judicious admirer of MacDowell's works would think of comparing it with either of his suites which are the only orchestral compositions of his that have really obtained a hold on the repertoire of our permanent symphonic institutions; though it is quite as good as the "Ophelia," "Hamlet," "The Saracens" and "Lovely Aida" (fragments of a symphony planned on "The Song of Roland") and immeasurably superior to "Laurie."

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PHILHARMONIC'S FIRST CONCERT

Auspicious Opening of the Society's Seventy-fourth Season.

ARTHURIAN MUSIC BY MACDOWELL

A Dry-as-Dust Composition by a German Contrapuntist.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

The programme of the first concert of the seventy-fourth season of the Philharmonic Society, which was given in Carnegie Hall last night, looked attractive. It began with two novelties to the patrons of the society, which, though not so announced, were entirely new to the New York public. The first was MacDowell's symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine," the second Max Reger's latest published composition, a set of variations on the theme of the first movement of Mozart's Sonata in A major—a gracious memory of the childhood days of pretty nearly everybody who has played the piano-forte since the year one of the nineteenth century. This the annotator of the programme knew to be a place of music hitherto unheard in New York, but concerning the composition by MacDowell he seemed to be in doubt, for he was only willing to announce that it had never before been played by the Philharmonic Society. But there is no record of a previous performance by any organization in this city. In this respect it is unique amongst its composer's works for even one of his orchestral works, which he had wisely condemned to oblivion, was dragged into notice immediately after his death. This work bore the name of "Laurie," and had it been left to slumber among the "unheard melodies" which Keats would have us believe "are sweeter," the reputation of its creator would have been better for the fact. But the astiduous propagators of the MacDowell cult would not have it so; therefore his judicious admirers were compelled to grieve.

How many works for orchestra Mr. MacDowell wrote we do not know. His wife, writing to The Tribune's musical reviewer in May, 1906, declared that while he was in Germany, where he wrote all of his orchestral pieces except the "Indian" suite, he made it a point to have all his works of the kind tried over in private, being enabled to do this by the courtesy of German orchestras, "and the painful lesson was learned in more than one case that the fire was the only destiny" for some of them. "One symphony and one symphonic poem went that way, and two works are still in manuscript, because he never heard them and would not risk a public hearing without the necessary 'Proba.' "Lancelot and Elaine" evidently stood the test, for it was published in Germany, and soon after its composer's return to his native land it was performed in Boston and Chicago. It had already been played in Darmstadt and Wiesbaden, so it is to be assumed that Mr. MacDowell's mature judgment approved it. Why it waited until last night for a performance in New York when all of the other works for orchestra by the same hand been performed, the best of them frequently, we do not know, and it might be inquiring too curiously to inquire into the circumstances. Perhaps it was because it made no appeal to the New York conductors on its own merits; that at least would be a reasonable deduction from the impression made by the work last night. No judicious admirer of MacDowell's works would think of comparing it with either of his suites which are the only orchestral compositions of his that have really obtained a hold on the repertoire of our permanent symphonic institutions; though it is quite as good as the "Ophelia," "Hamlet," "The Saracens" and "Lovely Aida" (fragments of a symphony planned on "The Song of Roland") and immeasurably superior to "Laurie."

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